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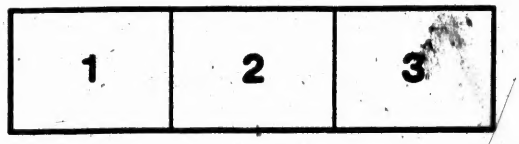

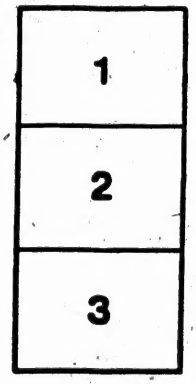

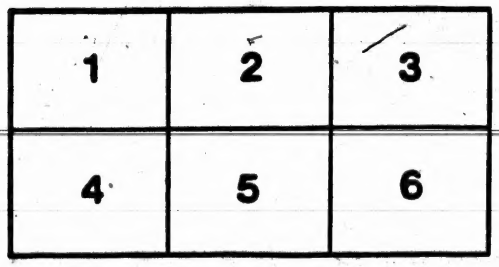

Enf. C. N° 19

HYMNS

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

SELECTED

FOR THE THE USE OF THE CONGREGATION

OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,

QUEBEC.

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HYMNS

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

I.

1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him, who built this earthly frame;
What'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.

4 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

II.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great, supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

III.

1 HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from the Lord!

3 Remember him who once apply'd,
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"O help my unbelief!"

4 She, too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5. Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6. Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

IV.

1 JESUS! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Blest Shepherd of the chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh! rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

V.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

VI.

1 ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

VII.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

VIII.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:—

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

5 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author, and my End!

IX.

1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves, and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

X.

1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

XI.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pain'd; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way:
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee:
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice!

XII.

1 O THAT my heart was right with Thee
And loved Thee with a perfect love:
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!
Jesus, apply thy pardoning blood,
And make this bosom fit for God.

2 Saviour, I dwell in awful night,
Until thou in my heart appear;
Arise, propitious sun, and light
An everlasting morning there:
Thy presence puts the shadows by:
If Thou withdraw, how dark am I!

3 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;
And seal me thine adopted son:
A fallen, helpless creature take,
And heir of thy salvation make.

XIII.

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on all mankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

2 Thou Strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command;
Thrice Holy Fount! Thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the' Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit! paid to Thee.

XIV.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way,
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray;—

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

XV.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart, resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
A copy, Lord, of thine!

XVI.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word.

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

XVII.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

XVIII.

1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the' immortal flame?

6 Thou knows't I love Thee, blessed Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

XIX.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

XX.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant-lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father, and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the' eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

XXI.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

XXII.

1 O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way:
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys compar'd with those
Thine everlasting word bestows?

3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod
And straight I turn'd unto my God.

4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal woe.

5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precept I had still despis'd;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

XXIII.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XXIV

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;
But a pray'r-hearing, answ'ring God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

XXV.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless, store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

XXVI.

1 HONOUR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face
His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

XXVII.

1 I was a grov'lling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me, from above,
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promis'd land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promis'd it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

XXVIII.

1 NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

3 Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

5 "What shall I do," was then the word,
"That I may worthier grow?"
"What shall I render to the Lord?"
Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the Law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

XXIX.

1 WHAT thousands never knew the road!
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
None but the chosen tribes of God
Will seek or choose it for their own.

2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

3 No more I ask or hope to find
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

4 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

XXX.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and temper show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

XXXI.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel,
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

XXXII.

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "They're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the vail
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praise him too.

XXXIII.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons will the sinner's heart
confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour! own me in that day for
thine!

XXXIV.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to Judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

XXXV.

1 COME, let us stand upon the rock
Where Balaam stood, and wondering look
Upon the scene below;
The tents of Jacob goodly seem,
The people happy we esteem,
Whom God has favoured so.

2 The sons of Israel stand alone,
Jehovah claims them for his own,
His cause and theirs the same:
He saved them from the tyrant's hand,
Allots to them a pleasant land,
And calls them by his name.

3 Their toils have almost reach'd a close
They soon are destined to repose
Within the promised land;
Its rising hills e'en now are seen,
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
Where Israel soon shall stand.

4 Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possess'd,
Beyond material space!
E'en now we see the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
And long to reach the place.

5 Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise:
It lifts a worm of earth on high,
Provides him wings, and makes him fly
To mansions in the skies.

XXXVI.

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

XXXVII.

1 O THE hour when this material
  Shall have vanish'd like a cloud;
When, amid the wide ethereal,
  All the' invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul, surrounded
  With innumerous hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
  And adore the Infinite.

2 In that sudden strange transition,
  By what new and finer sense,
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
  And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
  Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
  To the spirit's resting place.

3 Will she there no fond emotion,
  Nought of earthly love retain?
Or absorb'd in pure devotion,
  Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
  With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part for ever,
  With the friend she leaves behind?

4 No: the past she still remembers,
  Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
  Which must rise and live anew:

For the widow'd, lonely spirit,
Mourns till she be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

5 Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest:
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

6 Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O Thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there!
Jesus, blessed Mediator!
Thou the dreary path hast trod!
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

7 Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence:
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

8 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorus shake the skies;
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour,
Here must reason prostrate fall:
O the ineffable "For Ever,"
And the "Eternal All in All!"

XXXVIII.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

XXXIX.

1 AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake:
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

2 When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, O where, shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of his ire?

3 'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-belovd's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

4 Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

5 While yet we sojourn here below,
Polutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

6 Yet courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

7 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

XL.

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thine house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs that from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No tears shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes—
No cares to break the long repose—
No midnight shade, no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day! begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.